

The OTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19 OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA
PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE SURGEON GENERAL OF THE ARMY

VOL. IV.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1919

No. 2



"THE GUARDIAN ANGEL"

Drawn by John L. DeLury.

Want a Job in Asheville?

Perhaps you'll want to stay in Asheville when you're discharged, and of course you'll want a job.

The "help wanted" columns of the Asheville Citizen may get you the very job you want.

*Read the Citizen for news of the world
while it is NEWS.*

THE ASHEVILLE CITIZEN YOUR NEWSPAPER

ON SALE EVERY MORNING AT THE CANTEEN

AUCTION SALE!

All unredeemed pledges that have accumulated in the past year, such as Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Shot Guns and Rifles, etc., will be put on sale at auction beginning Saturday, July 26th and continuing until all pledges are sold. THREE SALES DAILY.

10:30 a.m.

3:30 p.m.

8:30 p.m.

H. L. FINKELSTEIN

Loan Office

23 Biltmore Avenue

The OTEEN

(Indian for "Chief Aim")

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Vol. IV

Saturday, July 26, 1919

No. 2

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weeks, postpaid. Five cents the copy.

LIFE ISN'T SO BAD

Every morning the sun! Every morning stuff for the stomach! Every night a bed! Always the companionship of comrades, who are friendly and true! Always the chance to walk in the beauty of a living world under the glory of an infinite sky! Always something, albeit quiet and humble, to do! Always books full of the finest thoughts of mankind, to read! Always a chance to be a better man than ever before! Always the past to be understood! Always the present to be lived! Always the future to be venturesomely curious about! Always so much! Always everything that really matters!

Life isn't so bad for a fellow after all.—
From The Hustler.



"GET THE HABIT"

"Back home?"

"Yeah! Quick's I c'n get discharged. May c'm back later, sign'f the islands! Learn a lot useful later on!"

"How so!"

"Well, you see, when the Big Game was over up in the Rhine country, got the habit of going into the library. I wanted to find

out where we'd been, about the folks we'd seen; what this France country was, anyway, and this Germany. I guess I read a book a day, little books mostly, certainly three or four a week, for two or three months. I read a short history of England—say, it was as good as the latest 'best seller'—and one of France, and one of Germany. Then I read a lot about our own little old United State I didn't know before. The librarian gave me a line on what to read for a while, then I began to browse for myself.

"Then I said to myself: 'I've seen a lot of this I've read about. Now what can I read about that I'll get a chance to see later on?' So I read about China and Japan, and the Philippine Islands, 'n Mexico and South America. Of course 'don't remember it all, but it was good readin'.

"I used to read a book of history, and a book of travel, and then a good novel every week—and believe me, I had one fine time.

I just got the habit, like some fellows get the habit of goin' to the movies every night, or down to the canteen. Course I went to the movies some too, and didn't cut out the canteens altogether—but I sure spent a lot less and learned a lot more. I've saved me about 50 plunks, and that with my 60 bonus and my travel pay, I'm riding easy till I look around.

"I've picked up enough French to find my way around and get what I want to eat. Maybe I'll join up again, see the East and learn Spanish.

"There's plenty good things in this world if you go after them right—get the habit." —"Home Again."

THERE ARE LEAGUES AND LEAGUES

Joe was leaving—being discharged. "Goodbye, fellows! So long, Jim. Glad to shake with you, Frank. We've scrubbed through a year together, Abe, and, while I may forget Oteen very soon—sure not you fellows. Honest, this is the happiest moment of my life, 'cause I'm getting away from it—yet, sad because I'm leaving all this bunch who I've been with for so we've lived together, scrapped, if not over there, among ourselves. Guess we'd die long. We've come from all over the States; together. And we've become one big bunch of brothers."

Army life has made some wonderful friendships. It has brought out some of the finest elements of human character. Witness the many citations awarded during these last months for reckless disregard of life in attempts to rescue comrades under all sorts of harrowing conditions. Think of the deeds of thousands of Sergeant Yorks, who have fought the good fight. There are many Yorks, but not enough of them in ordinary life.

True, you haven't been cited, nor have I. Yet consistently have we tried to be good soldiers in time of war, and we're going to keep up our efforts in being good soldiers in time of peace. Good citizenship goes beyond keeping out of jail. It means living and acting according to the principles of altruism—living beyond one's self—for the welfare of all. The war has shown we are our brother's keeper—that we should be ready to suffer for his sake and for the sake of suffering humanity. *Fraternity*—that wonderful watchword of the French legions—a word that means so much to the world today. Continue its practice so that tomorrow may find you a little further ahead of today.

Be yourself. There is much more good in us than we are willing to give ourselves credit for.

How high are you going to bat in the League of Friendship?





"To uplift and to build"

Reconstruction

AT THE AIDES' BARRACKS

We heard of many extraordinary effects obtained through acquiring the mantle of another, but the latest ultrachic as we look at it is an attempt to borrow a wedding ring.



Any man who wants to try out his patience, endurance and skill should make a basket of silk and reed like the one James Stall of I-9 has just accomplished. It is a beauty and will be on exhibition at the Shop on Saturday.



"See dat man over dar," said a patient in E-7 to the Aide. "Guess what he done. He asked me if I wouldn't go down town wit' him an' I say 'yes.' Den' after while I say 'Dar's Jim, may be he'll lend me enough to get something in town and listen wha' he said to me den.' You go ask him for some and then see if he won't lend me enough to git to town on.' Wha' you think about that, Nurse, why I tho't he was gonna take me and here he is wi'out enough to take himself on. 'Ain't he a funny man?'"



Every Wednesday night the Red Cross House is the scene of a democratic, international, and unmilitary event. On that evening the Aides act as the moving spirit in the good times. Games, stunts, amateur theatricals, song-feats, and get-acquainted bouts afford entertainment for all.



July ninth was a particularly successful evening. As a curtain raiser a line was stretched across the room, and the boys were blindfolded, equipped with scissors and given a chance to obtain one of the prizes by clipping the cord which attached it to the line. A package of Camels, toothbrush, comb, bottle of Mary Garden, or something equally useful or ridiculous was the reward of skillful snipping.

Then followed Private Buck with his harem of dancing beauties. In spite of the

fact that Private Buck was bow-legged and his harem possessed Chinese feet, the dance was highly artistic. The encore of feet kicking above the curtain might have shocked the fastidious had it not been discovered on second notice that the hands and arms of the dancers disguised in shoes and stocking were performing the feats of agility.

The event of the evening was the presentation of a playlet called, "His Sweethearts," given by the Nurses of I-1. Memory conjured for Private Doyle of I-10, the images and recollections of his first sweetheart of school days; his loyal high school chum; the wild days of college, under the influence of the chorus girl and the merry widow; the summer girl and the little country lass; the hurry and grief of parting for war; the campaign in France and the kindness of the French girl. Then followed the days when he lay wounded and sick, and the sweet ministrations of the gray-clad nurse who became the one woman in the world for him. His mother graced the group as the most faithful and enduring love he had ever known. Misses Sassamin, Coleman, McNeil, Withart, Malloy, Keeler, Halloran, Curtain, Jarvie, and Massacre, were the characters in the order mentioned above. The boys will welcome their appearance at any time.

THE DEPARTING NON-COMS.

Every non-commissioned officer in the Reconstruction Department either is discharged or has his discharge pending. Those already wearing the red chevron are Hospital Sergeant Bolser, Sergeants 1st Cl. Carter, Glorvick and Wynn, and Sergeants Belitsky and Burgard.

These non-coms. have rendered loyal and intelligent service, and no praise is too high for them. They have filled difficult positions with notable efficiency, and with enthusiasm, and our best wishes go with them to their new undertakings.

CAPTAIN NORTH

Captain North is leaving Oteen to resume his long-neglected duties at Baltimore. He carries with him the grateful appreciation, and the very best wishes, of everybody at Oteen.

The first patients arrived at Oteen in September, 1918, and the first Reconstruction work began in October. If a visitor had observed the work at that time, and had remained away for the next seven or eight months, re-appearing in the late spring or early summer of 1919 to inspect us again, he would find himself in much the same position as the visitor from Mars. The changed conditions would be apparent first in the increased personnel and greatly augmented facilities of the department, and later in the keen interest shown by patients and in the unquestioned curative results which have been obtained.

The few individuals who did the pioneer Reconstruction work at this post made a splendid start, and the expansion and the improved character of the work have been, in a large measure, due to their continued efforts, and to the interest and zeal of the others whose good fortune it has been to join the staff from time to time. However, all successful movements owe their progress primarily to the courage and vision of some one individual who, in addition to being courageous and far-seeing, possesses qualities of initiative and leadership above the ordinary. Captain Samuel M. North came to Oteen during the second week of December, 1918. He had been a successful educational administrator in civil life, having most recently served as Supervisor of High Schools for the State of Maryland. His advent at No. 19 was marked by "pep," and enthusiasm, qualities which found expression immediately in increased activity in the work of the department, and which of course came to be reflected in other members of the staff.

Fortunately, Reconstruction work at Oteen

(Continued on Page 17.)

CAPS & CAPE

Deo et Humanitate

DID YOU HEAR THAT—

Mac is happy again because of a little red chevron?

Joyce knows a new story about a little gold band?

Griffin and her blonde are O. K. again?

Keeran is studying Biology? Her first lesson was about chiggers.

Hawley is making another trousseau?

Straight saw Mt. Pisgah, even if it rained?

Geary has made the acquaintance of the same chiggers? How come?

Sparks is very much mor(s)e so engaged?

Rust goes to bed early these days, T(o) B(ecome) rested?

Rooke's playhouse is broken up and that Korb broke it up?

Brown was in that watermelon party that was so rudely broken up by the staff of guards and their commander?

Bickley has never had a late pass?

Schwinn goes to town to pray because—well, because she is religious.

And that Miss Flewwelling and Elder railed to that same town to witness Schwinn's devotions?

Gris-mill is with us?

Daniels was blue last week, but is happy again?

All the A. N. C. had a family group taken last week—almost. But the Photographer's car broke down.

If the frequenters of the Nurses' Mess Hall who cannot drink their coffee from mugs already furnished will kindly hand in their names—cups of Haviland will be supplied to them.—(Advt.)

Was it a dinner party that took Miss Schwinn to Cincinnati for the day? We wonder!

We are pleased to say that Miss Lewis is recovering nicely after having "given up" a portion of anatomy—her appendix.

RED HEADS ATTENTION!

Private Kleinmann is on the hunt for Red-headed Nurses. While on a hunt for subscription for this paper a kindly citizen of Asheville offered to send a nice large lucious watermelon to every Red-headed Nurse at the Post. So hurry, girls, you'll find Kleinmann at the laboratory.

"Be Prepared!" That's the slogan in Quarters III. The tubs are working overtime. All looking for S. C. D. Now is your chance!

Barracks No. 2 must have some beautiful material for hope chests. If you have an excess, the "day nursery No. 3" would be pleased to accept.

So many vamps in No. 4! We wonder if there could be room for one more.

Lena has a great big George
Whose hair is fair as gold,
Everywhere that Lena goes
That George is sure to go.



A POOR APOLOGY

M. P.'s of Oteen,

M. P.'s of Oteen,

Do your eyes from your horses see the khaki form?

Do you see the flowing Red Cross cape?

Do you hear the whispered words of Fate?

M. P.'s of Oteen.

Let your good fellowship guide you by
Come, lead your horse to security.

M. P.'s of Oteen
I am entreating you!

Dear Marion:

Had two dances this week. The officer patients gave one to their Asheville friends and invited the Nurses and Aides. Some of us had a dance. The "eats" were awfully good looking, but as there was no one to see that you got a bite or a sup, and as we did not feel like grabbing, we did not eat anything. The privates built tables for the refreshments and strung lanterns about, so that it looked like a sure enough party.

The next night the aides gave a farewell party for Captain North. It was a dance in the little Red Cross House, and was a pretty affair. Some of the patients from Officers' Ward 2 and from I-9 came down in their bathrobes and watched the sights through the windows, and, kid, what do you think? Four of the Reconstruction non-comms., who have been discharged, came in in their civvies. I just loved them for doing it.

We have the sweetest Red Cross hostess from the Y. W. C. A. If some of these stiff-necked nurses and aides would fall in with her suggestions (or offer some of their own) we could have wonderful times. She is so sweet everybody would soon be in love with her, then, there would be something doing around here.

Love, from

HELEN.

GET IN THE LIMERICK CONTEST

We started something when we announced a limerick contest in last week's issue. Just cast your lamps on the verses below, each one of them a gem. They have come to us from every section of the camp; K.P.'s nurses, patients, aides, officers, and we are expecting some from the C.O. It's a cinch to write one, and we'll print anything you'll send in to us; good, bad or indifferent. And perhaps yours might be rotten enough to get the first prize. A large crisp case-note goes each week to the genius who writes the dizziest verse.

We want everybody to get in on it. If you don't know what a limerick is, read those printed here and then shoot in some of your own stuff.

Young folks, old folks, everybody come,
Join in the contest, make old Oteen hum!
Screw your courage 'till it sticks,
Swear to print our limericks,
And we'll hand you all our fun,
Believe you and me, that's going some!

The poor little girls in N-8
When a man is lead there by Fate,
Must get under the beds,
Or else hide their heads,
As an ostrich does with his pate.

Of all yellow backs, "The Oteen"
Is the peppiest we've ever seen.
It appears every week
And sells like a streak,
For every one knows it's a scream!

Men as fine as ever drank water,
Came to the dance,
And the girls did entrance—
Eclipsing the officers-sorter!

We don't mind leading the simple life,
but we dread the constant exposure.

An M.P. Lt. named Grimes
Who was always up with the times,
One day he got gay
With a Ford Coupe,
What is left of it ain't fit for rhymes.

A gloomy young sergeant named Zabin
At the moon was often seen gazin'
When you think Gloom is working
The devil's out flirting,
His craftiness sure is amazin'.

Farewell to our snappy Cap Cappy,
He's off to explore the may mappy.
Wherever he's at

May he hang up his hat
To the life that makes Cappy Cap happy.

The news that our Cappy must leaves us
Did powerfully sadden and grieve us,
Till we said, "This must stop,
Let us give him a hop
To drive away sorrow too grievous."

All hail our new Captain's advance!
To meet him we wanted a chance,
So we tuned up the fife
For him and his wife

In a welcoming song and a dance.

—Messrs. Bolser, Glorwick, Wynn and Carter.

These limericks with a compliment we've sent,

For we're not so much on glory as on "filthy lucre" bent;

If we don't get that dollar,
We'll raise an awful holler,
And we'll never waste another compliment!

Four little non-coms, sitting in a row,
Listening to the dance tunes,
Wishing they could go.
'Long comes a Red Stripe
Fastened on each arm
Now they go and tickle-to,
And none can say there's harm.

There was a horseshoer named Carney,
Who plied his trade in the town of Harney;
On the job he was tough,
Even mules said, "he's too rough;"
So now he's a dentist in the army.

—Pvt. W. Browning, Ward I-10.

A dapper lieut. named Murray
With the dames was not in a hurry
But an auburn-haired girl
Put him all in a whirl—
And he now jazzes around all a-flurry.

A hustling lieutenant named Prees
Wished to see his profits increase,
So to get the boys' cash
He dishes out hash,
And the Post Exchange now smells of grease.

An editor sergeant named Rad
A nice little family had,
But the stork brought another
Now Junior's a brother—
Yes, Radford's some "popper" be dad!

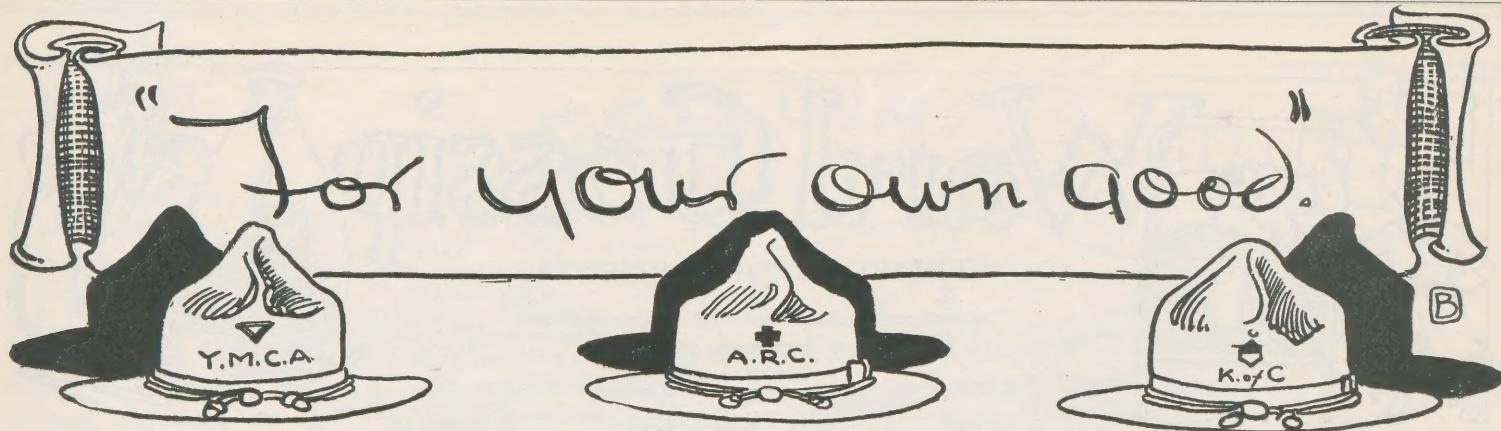
Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get all us boys a discharge,
But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And she got a big kick in the garage.

I rubber my joints with fish-worm oil,
And prayed to stay above the soil.
I saved my dollars in a bank,
And later changed them into francs.
On "No Man's Land" I stopped a shell
Post-mortem said, "A case for hell!"

—P. T. H. (Ward 3.)

A retiring young sergeant named Heyman,
With the chicks seemed always a shy man,
But a uke and Chin
Roped poor Reddy right in—
He's a regular devil—the sly one.





Last Thursday night's program at the "Y" was one of the best from every angle in many a moon. A full house greeted the Asheville ladies. Miss Burnett, of the Boston School of Expression, gave several readings. Dr. Chauncey Elliott and Mrs. Elliott, of Asheville, added to the joy of the occasion in vocal and instrumental numbers. Hon. L. L. Jenkins, of the American National Bank of Asheville, gave his reading "How Ruby Played." Every individual number was a head-liner, and the soldier boys enjoyed the program in its entirety. The last stunt of the evening was the eating of three bushels of peanuts. This fruit of the ground was prepared for the eating by two of the diet kitchen cooks. Approximately fifty Asheville ladies passed among the boys and gave to each a generous portion. In a remarkably short time the men were looking well fed. The peanuts were donated by the Junior Baracas of Rich Square, N. C., through Mrs. N. Buckner, of Asheville.

One hundred and two soldier boys and Asheville ladies spent Monday evening at Lake Juanita. The picnic party left Pack Square at 6:30 p. m. on a special car over the Asheville and East Tennessee railroad, and arrived at the grounds at 7:15. Boating, games in the pavilion and kodaking were enjoyed until grey dusk when a bountiful spread was prepared. The return trip was made at 10 o'clock. The trip going and coming was made doubly enjoyable by singing. Tribute is due for the success of this outing to the Asheville ladies, as they prepared there baskets, a plenty, too, in twelve hours' notice. (The men are not the only good soldiers.)

There are some people who just have to run slow one way or the other. If they don't get left coming home they do going.

Have you ever heard the story of the lost sheep? There were two lambs wearing bells at the picnic Monday night.

If you have faith use it. Let's pray for a watermelon cutting from some source.

Beginning Saturday the 26th, a block of seats will be reserved in the Red Cross House, on Saturday evenings for nurses, aides and officers, who wish to see the moving pictures.

■ ■

We had a very good lecture given last Monday and Tuesday by Capt. Thompson. His subject was "Fire Prevention," and he made many valuable suggestions. He talked to Detachment men Monday, and on Tuesday to the Officers, Nurses, Aides and Patients. He had a reel of motion pictures and a number of slides, which made the talk all the more interesting.

■ ■

So many boys are inquiring for Mrs. Lucas, of our House, that we have found out officially for them that she is taking a much-needed, two weeks' rest in Saluda, N. C. Step on the gas, Father Time, and send her back to us.

■ ■

We received a croquet set last week and every mallet is in constant demand, as the court is under the trees so no one has to get warm. Come early if you want to play. Line forms on the left of the grove.

■ ■

We thought the Wednesday evenings with the Aides were as popular as anything could be, but when they added several kinds of sandwiches to all the other attractions, new heights were reached.

■ ■

We hear that the new lawn swing came to us through the thoughtfulness of the Red Cross Chapter of West Point, Va., and of Mrs. Henry Weil, of Goldsboro, N. C. These out-of-door things always make a hit.

■ ■

Since we've heard that whenever the weather is very hot, it is planned to have ice cream on Sunday evenings at the Red Cross House, we feel more cheerful while watching the mercury climb. On Sunday evening, the 20th, cigarettes followed the cream.

POOL TOURNAMENT

The pool tournament which has been a source of considerable interest and excitement to participants and spectators alike has reached its close, finals having been played this week. At the time this went to press the winners of the cups could not be ascertained. Two of the following men, who played in the finals, will be declared victors: Reed-Stroisch, Anthoney-Simmonds, Bloom-Guisippe, Rhodes-Dore.

★ ★

A few weeks ago, thru the Oteen, we asked for suggestions in regard to refreshments for the Matinee Tea Dance. As yet none have been received. So we take it you are pleased with the refreshmmts which have been served. We aim to please and solicit suggestions from you.

★ ★

The new August records for the Victrola arrived this week. Among them may be found latest popular song hits, a number of the classics, monologues, instrumental selections, etc.

★ ★

The Punching Bag has been installed on the back porch, and the several aspirants for the Dempsey belt will now have an opportunity to get in trim. If there is anything in the line of sporting goods or apparatus that you may wish just let us know and we will be glad to secure it for you.

★ ★

Arrangements for a series of games with Spartanburg players are being made. We hope to have more definite information next week.

★ ★

The entertainment for the Colored men Wednesday was enjoyed by a large number of men, but we feel sure that many of the men don't take advantage of these entertainments. Mr. Scruggs wishes us to announce that there will be a program every Friday night at the club in Asheville, and every man who can have a pass is invited.



OTEEN BATHS

(Tune of "Smiles.")

There are baths that are soapy,
There are baths that make me blue,
There are baths that make me feel so sloppy,
Just as if I'd rolled 'round in the dew,
There are baths that leave a funny feeling,
Just like nothing else on earth can be,
But the baths that really get my goat,
Are the baths that are forced on me.

—J. W. A.

DON'T KICK

When things don't come your way;
There ain't no use in kickin', friend,
It does no good to holler round
And grumble night and day.
The thing to do is curb your grief;
Cut out you little whine;
And when they ask you how you are,
Jest say, "I'm feeling fine."

There ain't no man alive but what is
Booked to get his slap;
There ain't no man what walks but what
From trouble gets his rack
Go mingle with the bunch, old boy,
Where all the bright lights shine,
And when they ask you how you are,
Jest say, "I'm feelin' fine."

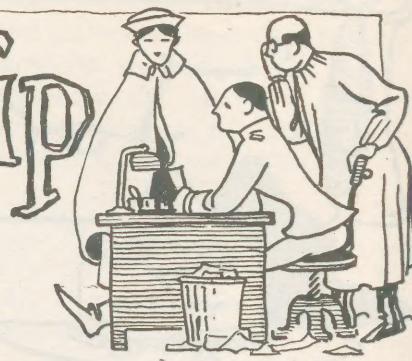
You heart may jest be bustin' with some
Real or fancied woe;
But when you smile the other folks
Ain't really apt to know.
The old world laughs at heartaches, friend,
Be they your own or mine,
So when they ask you how you are,
Jest say, "I'm feelin' fine."

VERACIOUS

"'Ow did yer git that black eye, Pat?"
"Oi slipped an' fell on me back."
"But yer face ain't on yer back."
"No—naythur was Flannigan."

Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS



THE RETURN HOME

As He Pictured It.

10 a. m.—Train arrives, amid hurrahs of the crowd and music by the village fife and drum corps.

11 a. m.—Speech of welcome by the mayor. Patriotic song by school children. Presentation of purse by president of the Chamber of Commerce.

12 m.—Banquet in the town hall.

1 p. m.—Automobile tour of city to see new improvements.

2 p. m.—Box party at theater for discharged soldiers.

6 p. h.—Dinner at home.

8 p. m.—A quiet evening with his best girl.

As it Really Happened.

2 a. m.—Local train finally pulls in after a ten-hour trip and deposits our hero, covered with soot and loaded with his pack. Station deserted, no cars running.

2:30 a. m.—Arrival at home after a mile-and-a-half hike on cement pavements.

3 a. m.—Welcome by sound-sleeping family, after much pounding on door and bell-ringing.

3:15 a. m.—Luncheon. Rice, pickles and cold meat from ice-box.

3:30 a. m.—Bed!

Of all the toots that the tooter toots,
Be his bugle large or small,
The only toot that'll make me scoot
Is the toot sweet home recall.

PROMOTIONS

We clip from one of our contemporary sheet the following, which proves after all that virtue is its only reward:

"As a reward for untiring service, unstinted and conscientious work in his wards, very often running into the late hours of the morning, Pvt. Mike Mulcahey is hereby promoted to Pvt. 1st Cl.

1st Sgt.: "Should you spell 'Army' with a capital?"

2nd Sgt.: "No. There is no capital in Army. Only labor."

SHE'S MY GIRL

I got a letter
Yesterday,
An' it said
That she (She's my girl)—
An' it said
That she just heard
That I was in the hospital,
An' both
My arms were shot off.
An' she (She's my girl)—
An' she said
She was prostrated
An' that she'd
Take care of me
When I got back,
Dearest.
An' it was signed
Helen
An' she's my girl,
An' I ain't
In the hospital,
An' both my arms
Are on.
But she
Can take care of me
When I get back,
An' besides,
I'll show her
That my arms
Ain't shot off
When I get home.

—G. A. C.

NURSES' PRAYER

I want a man who is noble and strong,
But want him to be just a little bit wrong;
I want a man who has plenty of sense,
But not know it all, for that's an offense.
I want a man who will love me for fair,
At times he may be just as cross as a bear;
Not too rough and ready—not too spic and
span,
What I want is just a regular man.

**COMMISSIONS IN
RECRUITING
SERVICE**

"Former non-commissioned officers of the regular service, now holding temporary commissions which will soon be terminated, as well as those who have already been discharged as officers, may be re-enlisted in the grade from which they were discharged, for the purpose of accepting a commission and placed on recruiting duty in New York, under authority granted by the War Department, to Colonel Wilber E. Wilder, Cavalry, 461 Eighth avenue, New York city, in charge of the New York District."



THE BATTLE OF OTEEN

**AND 'TWAS THE BUCKS WHO DID
THE WORK**

The Comptroller of the treasury has rendered a decision which puts the pay of the enlisted men in a mighty uncertain light. At the outbreak of hostilities the enlisted men, whose pay did not exceed \$21, were given an increase of \$15 a month. This gentleman now contends that the law reads "during the emergency," and at the definite termination of peace the pay of all enlisted men shall revert back to pre-war standard—namely, \$15.00 a month.

Unless Congress does something in the question of legislation, the men of the line are bound to be S. O. L. Our hearts bleed for the estimated 150,000 who have signed the papers of re-enlistment—to see the world, learn a trade, and meet all the pretty girls.

STRIKE TWO FOR THE RADFORDS

Last Wednesday morning the well-known stork visited the home of Sgt. and Mrs. Radford temporarily at Kenilworth Hospital, and left a very young lady, eight and a half pounds strong. Last reports have it that mother and daughter are rivaling one another as to which one will be on her feet first. The sergeant can be found any after-

noon along Patton avenue, bragging about his family. Our congratulations all around, and may little Mildred Edna grow up the equal to her mother, and as slick as her dad!

PARIS BLAZE MIGHT LIGHT CIGAR-ETTES

If one wants to see even a real worth while blaze one must come back home, the doughboys in Europe are unanimous in declaring.

A Paris fire was well under way and the fire fighters were having hard work confining the blaze to the basement when a party of doughboy sightseers passed down the street. The doughboys paused to see the Paris firemen in action. A large crowd of Frenchmen also, in open-eyed admiration, were watching the department at work.

"Not much of a fire," ventured one of the doughboys to a pretty mademoiselle standing beside him.

"Oh, yes, a big fire, Monsieur, a very big fire," the young miss answered enthusiastically, "the biggest fire in Paris in a long, long time."

The doughboy stared.

"Say, miss," he finally ventured, "do you know what they'd do with that fire if they had it in New York? They'd use it to light a cigarette with, then step on it."

PURELY SCENIC

Murphy was on guard for the first time, and his post was in the vicinity of the officers' quarters. At about 1:30 a. m., the colonel emerged from the tent, clothed in the majestic splendor of his pajamas.

"Halt!" pipes Murph. "Who's there?"

"Colonel Rogers," answered the colonel.

"Er-ah-oh Pass in review!"

**IN A RUSSIAN
PLAY**

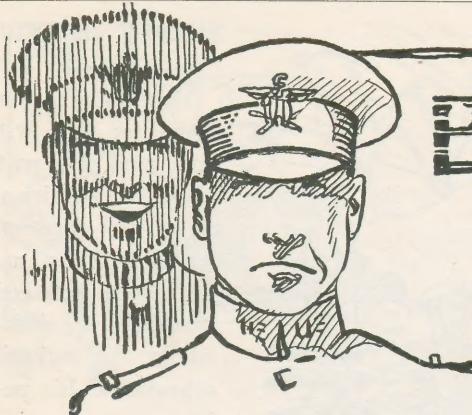
She — How did you get insky?

He — With a latchky.

SIR DOUGLAS KNOCKS OUT SIR BARLEYCORN

Whether or not the advent of prohibition and the old "2.75" in America has had its effect in Great Britain is still a question, but anyhow, Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig has gone out of the liquor business. Fresh from his battles in France, where he handed the Germans the well-known "kibosh," the British soldier turned right around and whipped a terrific knockout punch to one John, of the House of Barleycorn.

Sir Douglas scored only what might be called a "technical" knockout, however, for the interests which he recently held in partnership with his two brothers are to be taken over by the Distillers' Company, Limited, of Edinburgh. The incorporation of the John Haig and Limited Company with the Distillers' Company will be marked by the investment of additional capital to the amount of \$1,250,000. This sum will undoubtedly go a long way towards reviving Mr. Barleycorn from his defeat at the hands of Sir Douglas, and those who want their "licker" will probably be able to get it in "Merry England."



BEHIND THE BARS

B

We call to mind today certain instances during our experiences on daily newspapers when "copy" was scarce, and we used to go out for a walk around the town in the hope that we might stumble upon a story. There are periods when things just naturally don't happen. That is the case in the officers' ward this week.

Usually, when we get stuck, we stroll over to the south porch and get S. P. started. Today, we found him busy repairing the second guitar belonging to the "Simpson-Phony" orchestra. It did develop that the first guitar is reposing in the front room of a certain house in Asheville. Apparently this example on the part of the leader of the orchestra has caused considerable unrest among the balance of the marauders, for they have become restless. "Woozy" Bass is tugging at the lines and wants to meet some "sweetie" in Asheville. We told "Woozy" that we would introduce him to the city's finest, but for the love of "pete," never to let Sister Teague see him shimmie or he would be ruined.

After leaving S. P. we jaunted over to Capt. Malone's room but found he had one very good reason for being in Asheville, so we decided to see Major Saye. "Major," we said in our most seductive voice, "can't you help us out on a squib for the Oteen this week?" "Fifteen two, fifteen four and eight are twelve," replied the Major. We moved on.

Our next stop was at Major McAdie's room. "What do you know that's worth using to fill up our page in the Oteen this week, Major?" we asked. "Fifteen two, fifteen four, fifteen six and six are twelve," he replied. No help there.

The truth of the matter is that those who haven't found a center of interest in Asheville have gone full dippy on the subject of cribbage. To one who never played the game, the conversation carried on by the participants sounds like the drivel of a demented inventor, who went off his top attempting to devise some new method of

rapid multiplication.

There was a song written once entitled, "The Little Ford It Rambled Right Along." Fred Moon has always worked on the theory expounded in this song that you need nei her gasoline or oil to run a flivver. The other day, the "Cootie" objected to running without oil, and the result is a burned-out a hairpin or something of the sort. The "Slipps-Loose" has been rather inactive since Capt. Hare took possession but may make copy most any day.

There is one exciting item—yes, two in fact—and if the gentlemen concerned don't come across handsomely during the next week we are going to print the story. We refer to the Buggy-riding captain, and the old-timer who should have long since passed the age of indiscretion, who are attempting to splash about in the fountain of youth. Said fountain of youth being a glen where terpischorian art is furnished at so much per. We might add to this list the name of one of our senior officers. Come across, old birds, or we will make the July issue of Jim-Jam-Jems look like a Sunday School Publication.

★ ★

Notice is given that baths will be taken by rank hereafter. The ranker the officer, the more necessary the bath.

★ ★

A dispatch states that a Lieutenant Kite, an aviator in the American forces, has eloped with his fiancee in his airplane. They surely got a flying start on their honeymoon, but it looks to us like an airplane, a kite and an elopement were a bad combination.

DEFINITION OF AN OPTIMIST

A man who buys something from a Jew and expects to sell it to a Scotchman at a profit.

BILL ON RECRUITING

My Dere Maude:-

It has perked up a bit and the hot weather has given us a slight rest, so to speak, and before it flops down on us agin unawares I'll rite yer a coupler lines to show yer my harts in the rite place. Not much news in lccal circles as is usual. I goes in swimmin most every day, which is one good effect of the hot wether. Went down to the pool what they have in town tother afternoons, expectin ter git a nice refreshin dip. But there is where I made my mistake. Only ladies are allowed in frum three ter five o'clock. Seems how it ain't proper fer ladies and gents ter mix in the water in these parts. Might be sort of a good idee ter suggest ter Uncle Sam not ter mix the sexes in the ocean. I've seen a coupler thousand people of assorted sizes and sexes, splashin around along a shore front and no-body seemed the least bit embarrassed. In fact, ter my mind a bathin suit is the most impersonal thing I knows of. But here the guardian of the peoples morals, whoever he, she or they is, must have lots of spare time ter devote ter formin regerlations like that. And still the sale of moon-shine furishes and the wild men hang out in front of drug stores.

Much small talk about this here camp of us fellers pullin out by September 30th. Maybe we will, but I ain't believen it, till I sees them final papers in my hand, and that red stripe on my sleeve. If we got ter wait till they git enuf recruits ter take our place we'll git out by September 30th, but not this year. There is a recruitin officer appointed and he goes around bracin everybody for re-enlistment. Lots of luck ter him say I, fer the bigger his success the sooner I kin git. I'm a-thinkin yer got to be a mighty good salesman ter sell enlistments these days, especially as one of these wise ginks in Washington discovers that as soon as this emergency is at an end the thirty bucks a month pay stops with it. Kin yer imagine what an inducement fifteen dollars a month must be a man. But then there is always the chansse fer advancement up ter eighteen or twenty-one in a coupler of years. It's allrite fer those that like it, so is an overcoat in summertime.

Yer an't riten so frequently like yer use-ter. Well, I think I kin stand it. I kin go out in town and git myself some gal which will save me the trouble of sweatin over some letter. I kin always git her on the phone.

Yours not so keen,

BILL.

U. S. HOSPITALS TO TREAT YANKS ON DISCHARGE

Discharged soldiers, sailors and marines who are beneficiaries of the War Risk Insurance Act may obtain medical treatment at any one of the 14 district offices established in different sections of the country by the U. S. Public Health Service, with an officer of that service in charge.

Men who are being discharged from various army hospitals may later require some further treatment upon their return to civil life. Commanding officers of army hospitals have been requested to inform the men as they are discharged that the Public Health Service through these officers, is prepared to furnish them any medical attention to which they are entitled. Request for treatment made to the district supervisors will receive immediate attention. Through their organization the supervisors are prepared to render assistance to the discharged soldier, either in his home town or at some nearby location. It is believed the service will be of vast benefit to the discharged soldier.

PRESS ME CLOSER, ALL MY OWN!

Press me closer, all my own,
Beats my heart for thee alone;
Ever fond, responsive thrills.
Each caress my being fills.
Filled with hope, with promise blest,
Thou does reign upon my breast;
Closer still, for I am thine,
Beats my heart, for thou art mine.
I the message, thou the fire;
I the furnace, thou the fire;
I the servant, thou the master—
Roaring, redhot, mustard plaster.

—About Face.

THE KISS

Are you shaken, are you stirred,
By a whisper of love?
Spellbound to a word,
Does time cease to move,
Till her calm, gray eye
Expands to a sky,
And the clouds of her hair
Like storms go by?

Do the lips that you have kissed
Turn to frost and to fire?
Does a flame-shot mist
Enwrap your desire,
Till back to their birth
Fade water, air, earth,
And the First Power moves
Over void and dearth?

So the elements return,
Into the chaos of night,
Yet the hot flames burn;
They dazzle your sight;
And desire rules the world
Till it falls, goes by,
And death down it hurled
With a ringing cry.

Such is love; for love is death.
A passion, a shout,
The deep inbreath,
The breath roaring out,
And ounce, it is done.
You must lie alone,
Without life, without love,
Poor flesh, poor bone.

—R. L. M.

Corp.: "What were you before you joined the army?"

B. P.: "Happy."

WHAT THE ARMY TAUGHT US

Singing.
That the well-known sun does rise in the East.

How to say "Sir."
That man is a domestic animal.
That he can make beds.
That he can wash dishes.
To envy civilians.

That all men are vain. More mirrors were used with the first issue of "oversea" caps than ever saw service on Easter Sunday.

That bread can be eaten with or without butter—as the mess sergeant prefers.

That parade rest doesn't mean rest at all.
That I have a right hand.

That it is possible to have 78,537,653 different muscles ache at the same time.

That a pass in the pocket is worth six in the orderly room.

That the poet who wrote "Man wants but little here below nor wants that little long."

Put more than poetry in his song.

—W. A. C.

THANKS

We're not at all fussy as to what page this is printed on.

Some of the Nurse Patients of Ward I-1 wish to thank the Officer Patients for the hearty (?) welcome we received on July 17. We attended the affair with the understanding that it was to be a card party followed by informal dancing, and must admit that we were at least offered a pack of cards with which to play solitaire.

When you play with fire be sure to wear asbestos gloves.

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?



The BATTLES of BRUNO

(*Oteen's Own War Story*)

By MAJOR DAMMSORE

(Synopsis of previous chapters.)

You were quite disappointed last week about the Honorable Hector, weren't you, Old Dears? It was a dull chapter, wasn't it, to be sure? But Cherry-o! This one promises to be what you call a ripper. The author feels top-hole, as one might say. Not a bit down in the mouth, you know, as he was when he had to toddle over to his old desk and write that stupid, horrid chapter about Bruno and the Lovely Lady. We're thru with that line of stuff.

You see, the author has been swanking around a bit with an old dear who is just out of the English army and gosh-darned if he isn't getting so that he talks about "lef-tenants" and "Serivener's Clarks" and all. He (the author) met old Joe Riley, a friend of his who works in a bank and he (the author) called, "Hullo, old bean, how's Clarking?" It comes that Joe is one of the organizers of the Irish Freedom Committee, and it took some time before the author could calm Joe down. As it was, he (the author) was forced to give three three loud cheers for Valera (or some such named chap) before there was any prospect of peace before Christmas.

But, strike us pink, nothing is going to dampen the ardor with which we approach our task this week. It is a beautiful July day. And what is so rare as a day in July, especially this July, 1919, the month before August, 1919? Little birdies are singing outside the author's

rolling across a deep, blue heaven. The duckiest sort of a skirt slipped the author the glad eye on his way to breakfast. All's well with the world, inspite of Asheville, Bombay, Alexandria, Egypt (not Alexandria, Va.). We were in Humphries once and far be it from us to say a kind word for Alexandria, Va.), Versailles, France, and points north, east, west and south. We are in a Pollyanna mood and are glad, glad, glad.

So we return singing like a blinking lark to this jolly tale of Bruno, our hero, and the new jane he is sitting on the porch with, whose name we have not yet found out, but who goes by the monicker of the Lovely Lady in this yarn.

CHAPTER XXVII.

We never told you, did we, that when Bruno got back from the wars he took a



BRUNO WAS TOLD TO GET A PAD AND PENCIL AND TAKE NOTE OF EVERYTHING HE SAW.

course in Will Power? He did this because of an ad he read in one of Mr. Cy Curtis's weekly advertising mediums.

This ad showed a picture of a funny-looking gink with great horn-spectacles sitting at a desk looking gloomily out at the two million readers of this advertising medium. Under his picture it said:

"He earns \$5,298.23 a minute."

Then it went on to say that this wise bird had once been the lily-cup boy for a huge

industrial concern and becoming strangely dissatisfied with his weekly emolument of \$7.25 and a sour look from the boss during the ball season, had decided to rise in the world after the manner of Benjamin Franklin, Aaron Burr, Paddy Donovan, Henry Cabot Lodge and other great men. For quite a while it looked as if the heaviest job would be to collect the ink wells and fill them so full that they slopped over onto the pen-holders of the other hired men. And then one day Opportunity came up and knocked him for a goal. He heard about the Benedict Arnold Self-Mastery Course.

Inside of a week he was General Sales Manager, Vice-President and Efficiency Expert for this concern. A few days later he took a client out to lunch and so impressed the client with his self-mastery of eight Manhattan cocktails that the client gave him a \$50,000 order, and after that there was nothing to do but make him President and have his picture taken in the new presidential specs.

Well, when Bruno read all this he was naturally impressed, and he sent the Benedict Arnold Self-Mastery Course \$35.00 that he had saved out of his bonus and went to work on the course.

The first lesson was quite a tough one to master. It began by giving rules for physical improvement, telling Bruno to take setting-up exercises in his bedroom for one hour every morning, noon and night, and be sure and get up at 5:30 a. m., as this had been the invariable practice of Machiavelli and other notables,

who really got ahead in the world. As Bruno had just gotten out of the army, he decided not to begin with the first lesson, but to take the second one first.

The second lesson was about observation. It seems that no one can be a master of himself until he has observation down pat. Bruno was told to get a pad and a pencil and go out and take notes of everything he saw. It didn't make any difference what he

(Continued on Page 16.)



A certain gent daily chases gloom and dispenses joy to many millions of people through the columns of newspapers in the principal cities of the country. He is not a poet, nor is he a master of prose, but causes a heart-throb or chuckle by his own peculiar style. To the work of Kenneth C. Beaton, or K. C. B., as he is commonly known, has taken the popular fancy and, as ever happens to the pioneer, must stand imitation. We have often wondered what we could do with his style, and so we are going to K. C. B. a bit on our own hook:

Officers of the Regular Army
Have always seemed to us
Like demi-gods
So stiff and stern that
It hurt.
We felt sorry for the "blokes"
They missed so much of the fun
We thought. It must be
Hard to go through
Life, without ever daring to smile.
We met one some time ago in
A social sort of way. He was
A Colonel, straight and stern
With little wrinkles round his eyes
And all of that. And when we met
We pitied him like all the rest.
As the weeks went by
We learned to know him well.
A finer hand at "crap" we
Never ran across,
How he could Phoebe
And roll a Little Joe
At telling
Stories he had no peer, Those wrinkles
Round his eyes were lines
Or sheer amusement. He
Was a "Regular," and regular in every
Sense. And so perhaps he typifies
The "soldier." Stern, at work
But when he plays, he plays
As hard as he has worked.
Which teaches us the
Moral of the nut
"Never judge the Colonel
By the shell."

DOIN'S OF OUR OWN WHITE WAY

This seems to be the season, and center, for village vamps and simple lovers.

Our blushes are drawn when we see one of those infantry loots, in the gloaming, press his lips to the ladies' hand and then make an exclamation that nectar much as he does when he's finished his "licker."

★ ★

Our valiant recruiting officer, Lt. Bissonnette, has returned from the seance of recruiting officers at Ft. Hoakum, New York. A rook enlistment was obtained yesterday—nearly. With one eye gone, bad feet, insomnia in love and under age—authority must be secured from the Surgeon General to let him come into the fold of the M.D.

★ ★

Our estimable bill payer, and all-round good feller, Lt. White, has returned from parts unknown. He'll say nothing for publication except that he got sunburned.

★ ★

We'll tell the world—"Loot" Sullivan is the proud father of a Ford. All in all, we feel the new child will fit into his peculiar style of fun.

★ ★

Young youth never held the balance of feminine hearts — this post. We know a feller who's been cheating the barber for years is leaving more tear-stained faces and otherwise (so he says) than old Henry the VIII did in his palmiest day.

★ ★

We mustn't forget to mention that ye editor received a pretty little present tother day. She weighed seven and a half pounds and answers to the name of Mildred Edna. Our congrats. to the Papa and the Mamma.

★ ★

Lt. Stenbuck's motor conveyance is still convalescing. As soon as the chiropodist finishes treating its pedal extremities we hope to see it hop around as good as new.

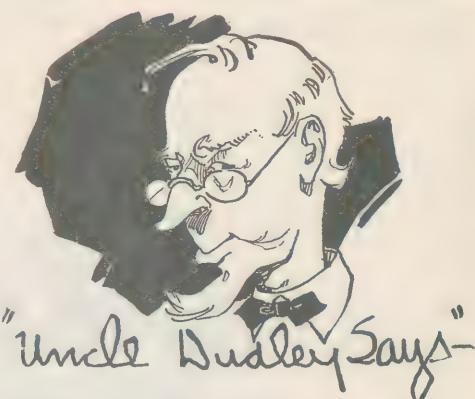
IMPOSSIBLE PROFITEERING

"Colonel, I heah, sah, yeh have laid in a new supply of liquor, an' I understand it is right high in price nowadays."

"My deah Majuh, I—ah—paid jes' nine dollahs a quawt foh it, sah!"

"Ain't that a trifle expensive, Colonel?"

"Not in my estimation, sah. It is th' fust time I have evuh had th' privilege of payin' someweh neah th' figure I have always considered it wuth." —*New York Evening Post.*



"'Pears t' me thet these soshul doin's at th' Nusses Red Cross House iz a powerful proof o' th' fact that th' female o' th' species iz a durn sight more plural them th' male."

★ ★

"There iz a gal on this here post what iz so gol-durned crazy after a he-male that she will take any sort o' feller from granddaddy t' one young enuf t' be her son. Frum her latest efforts, yer Ole Uncle sorter opines that she is a-lookin' fer one t' adopt."

★ ★

"Miss Webster's Sewin' Circle in offcers' loafin' joint number one iz makin' great progress. Owin' t' th' hot weather, uniforms air powerful uncomfortable, so pink en yaller keemonys hev been ordered fer th' bunch. Understand that sum o' th' bunch hev been workin' on layettes. What'n Sam-Hill iz this here army kumin' to ennyway?"

★ ★

"When these here gray-haired granddaddies start t' rushin' th' female folks, takin' dancin' lessons, en usin' all sorts o' smelin' juices in there baths, it makes yer Ole Uncle sorter wonder ef Old Doc Osler wuzent right after all."

★ ★

"Know a feller what panned th' very dickens outen one o' th' fair sex o' th' city. Yep, never knew a feller t' spill so much hard langwidge about a female critter afore. Howsumever, th' said female proceeded t' vamp that air gent en now he is a-layin' in th' dust th' hull gol-durned day a-hopin' that she will kindly walk on him. Yep, a gal by th' name o' Mary iz a powerful bad ackter when she gits her vampin' works t' goin'. Speshully ef she hez red hair t' boot."

★ ★

"Th' more a feller invests in female entertainment, th' less returns he gits on hiz investments!"

2.75

Bero

THE BEVERAGE

Served Ice Cold at
Post Exchange

Also on sale at Soda
Fountains, and Soft Drink
Stands in the City.

IDEAL LUNCH

OPEN FOR BUSINESS

ALL KINDS OF SANDWICHES AND LUNCHES
EVERYTHING FIRST CLASS

Cor. College St. and Broadway.

Opposite the Langren.

CRYSTAL CAFE SYSTEM INCORPORATED

ALL OVER ASHEVILLE
AND OPEN ALL THE TIME

YOUR LAUNDRY
ENTRUSTED TO US WILL COME BACK TO YOU FRESH AND
CLEAN—NOT SHRUNKEN OR TORN. WE SPECIALIZE
ON SOLDIERS' LAUNDRY.

ASHEVILLE LAUNDRY

PENLAND STREET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

One thing we've got to hand to our old friend, John Barleycorn, his funeral surely put all attendance records in the shade for that kind of pastime.

The dope was upset this time, for the mourners were the happiest at the burial, "fluidly" speaking.

Speaking of spirits, would it be too much to say that C. E. DeF.'s spirits were his downfall? Spirits may be O. K., but they must be taken in the right spirit.

The drys say that prohibition will eliminate the 19th hole in golf. Maybe it will, but why stop at the 19th?

We've got to hand it to the Oteen and Kenilworth teams; they are both in the cellar. But, gentlemen, the cellar is a place not to despise in these days of draught.

To the beer connoisseur the man who invented "nearbeer" had a mighty poor sense of distance.

1920 is looking forward to a bumper raisin crop.

HIS SUBSTITUTE

She—Is he very bashful?

2nd Ditto—When he took me on the roller-coaster he told me hold tight to the bar or I'd fall out.

EVERY ONE ASKED TO BIG KICK

Each and every one of you are invited to attend the Big Dance to be given at the Masonic Temple, on Broadway, Tuesday evening, July the 29th, at 9 o'clock. The music will be furnished by the "Syncopated Seven," the well-known orchestra of Laurel Park, Hendersonville, N. C. This orchestra needs no introduction to the trippers of the light fantastic, as they have played on several occasions in Asheville. They are not only known for their ability to "put out" good music, but for their willingness to respond to repeated encores.

UNTIL

Buck—Nellie is just like cider.
Sgt.—Uh huh.

Buck—So sweet until she starts to work.

**THE EVOLUTION OF A SOLDIER'S
EQUIPMENT**

Arrival in France

One Kit-bag (full of kit).
One Brush, Boot (new), One Brush,
Clothes (new).
Three Pairs of Socks.
One Money-belt.
One Cake of Perfumed Soap (a gift).
One Clean Neck.

Two Months in France

One Kit-bag (full of souvenirs).
Two Boot-Brushes.
Two and one-half Pairs of Socks. One
Hold-all.
One Belt.
One Wrist-watch (still going).
One Half-cake of Perfumed Soap.
(A nuisance).
One Neck.

After One Year's Service

One Sand-bag (full of some one else's
kit).
Two Dug-out Brooms.
One Pair of Socks, One Hold-all, One
Purse, One Door-catch, One Towel.
One Razor-strop.
One Wrist-watch (gone).
One Half-cake of Perfumed Soap.
(A relic.)
SOME NECK!
—“Treat 'em Rough.”

And he held up a little brown pellet.
Learnedly he remarked, “The army cure-
all.”

And the assembled multitude in recogni-
tion shouted, “See, see!”

MODERN MAXIMS

The darkest hour is just before the pawn.
Charity covereth a multitude of shins.
Hell is saved for good detentions.
If you want a thing well done, do him
yourself.

Drink twice before you sneak.
A fool and his alimony are soon parted.
Where there's a bill, there's a pay.
To the evil all flings are good.
Levity is the shoal of wit.

I tossed a bomb into the air;
It came to earth right over there;
And when that little bomb it fell
A dozen Fritzies went to Hell.

DRINK



**EVERY BOTTLE
STERILIZED**



CHOP SUEY

AT THE CHINESE AND AMERICAN RESTAURANT AND
ORIENTAL ROOF GARDEN LOCATED AT 8 N. PACK SQ.

Private Booths. Music. Open until 12 midnight. The only one in Asheville.

FOLKS SAY WE HAVE THE BEST COOK IN TOWN. PERHAPS SHE
ISN'T THE BEST, BUT WE KNOW SHE IS ONE OF THE
BEST FROM THE WAY FOLKS ENJOY OUR
MEALS. PRICES WITHIN REASON.

The Haywood Grill

33 HAYWOOD ST.

PHONE 1651

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

The Asheville Times

EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT SUNDAY
AND EVERY SUNDAY MORNING

*Associated Press News Service
Leased Wire*

THE NEWSPAPER THAT SERVES THE PEOPLE

FIFTEEN CENTS THE WEEK

FIVE CENTS THE COPY

Have You Ever Stopped to Think

how much a good business training would mean to you when you return to civilian life? Our appointment by the Government as a Vocational Training School, speaks eloquently of the character of work we are doing. Special rates of tuition to men who have been in the Service. For particulars call or write

EMANUEL BUSINESS COLLEGE

U. S. OFFICIAL VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

15 HAYWOOD STREET

TELEPHONE 1100

Real Club Life at

the War Camp Community Service Club, 16 Broadway.

Excellent meals at reasonable rates.

Writing room, reading rooms, piano, victrola, your home newspaper, party every Thursday night, dance every Saturday night.

"The place where all good fellows meet."

Come to see us when you're in town.

HEY, DO YOU KNOW THAT:

Out of 4,800,000 men in our armed forces 4,000,000 were in the army?

It took the English army in three years to do what we did in one in the question of mustering forces into active fighting trim?

Of every 100 men 77 were in the National Army, 13 in the Reserve and 10 in the Guard?

On physicals, middle western states made the best showing, country boys exceeded those of the city, and the whites exceeded the colored?

The Army contained twice as many men as were in the Civil War, and the cost of the war 180 times as much?

The average American soldier in France wore out a slicker and overcoat every five months: a blanket, flannel shirt and breeches, every two months; a coat every 79 days; a pair of shoes and puttees every 51 days; a suit of underwear every 34 days, and a pair of woolen socks every 23 days.

American aviators brought down 755 enemy planes and lost 357.

Two out of every three American soldiers to reach France took part in battle. American divisions were in battle for 200 days, engaging in 13 major operations.

During the last four months of the war American divisions held a longer front than the British. American troops fired more than 1,000,000 shells in four hours, which was the most intense concentration of artillery fire ever recorded.

In the Meuse-Argonne battle, which lasted 47 days, 1,200,000 American troops were engaged.

Battle deaths of all nations were greater than all deaths in all wars of the previous one hundred years. The war cost America more than a million dollars an hour for over two years. The total war cost of all nations was about 186 billion dollars, of which the Allies spent two-thirds and the enemy one-third.

A German major, taken prisoner at Chateau-Thierry was very much agitated at being conducted to the rear by a buck private.

"You d—— Americans think you are going to win this war, but you're not."

"Yes," said his captor, "you d—— German, and you think you are going to the hospital, but you are not." And he pulled out his gun and fired.

WATCH OUT FOR THE BULL

Soldier from over there telling an interested audience of some of his thrilling experiences.

"The tightest hole I was in, was in Belleau Woods. I charged a machine-gun nest single handed, shot three men, knocked four unconscious, and was just in the act of training the machine gun on the Huns, when a big Hun crept up back of me, unawares, and pinned my arms to my sides. He then bound my arms tightly with twine, and rolled me over on my back. I thought sure I was a goner, but our artillery had started heavy barrage, and he couldn't get me back to his own lines, so he dragged me into a shell-hole and we remained there during the barrage. He dozed off to sleep, and watching my chances, I rolled over on him in such a way that he could not move hands or feet."

Awestruck audience—"Well, what happened then?"

Soldier—"Oh, I just laid there until he starved to death, then I—"

But his audience had fainted.

And then we came to an old tramp's grave,
It was all covered with grass;
The inscription on his tombstone read:
"Asleep, and at rest at last."
They say he died from drinking beer
From an old tomato can,
Now we know that beer can't kill a man,
BUT AN OLD TOMATO CAN.

U. S. General Hospital No. 19
buy most of its eggs from

The
Western Produce
Company

Doesn't this speak well for
Western Produce quality?

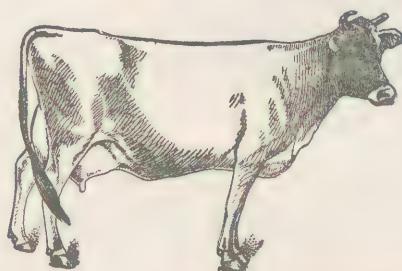
Ask your grocer for Western
Produce Eggs.

U. S. ARMY HOSPITAL No. 12

AND

U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19

USE

"CAROLINA SPECIAL"*Superior Milk Products*

**CAROLINA
CREAMERY
COMPANY**

*Why Not Bring That Watch in Now and Have It
Repaired and Adjusted?*

FINE REPAIRING OUR SPECIALTY

J. E. CARPENTER

16 NORTH PACK SQUARE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

*Are you getting a furlough soon? Or, maybe
your discharge?*

If so you need a Suitcase. Our line of inexpensive light-weight summer Suitcases and Bags is more complete and varied than ever.

Japanese Matting and Cane Suitcases, from	\$1.25 to \$8.50
Brown Hard Fibre Suitcases, specially priced	\$2.75 to \$7.50
Real leather from	\$8.75 to \$35.00

Bon Marche

OPPORTUNITY FOR SOLDIER PRINTER

A small, well equipped print shop, now operating, can be purchased at favorable price. Owner has no time to give to it and other business. Splendid opportunity to make some money and build a good paying business.

—SEE H. TAYLOR ROGERS AT—

ROGERS BOOK STORE

39 PATTON AVE.

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.

ROGERS' PRINTSHOP DOES SMALL JOBS IN A BIG WAY—TRY US

"WEAVERVILLE LINE"

Cars Leave Asheville Every Hour on the Hour

from 9:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. except 2:00 p.m. Also at 6:30 a.m., 6:30 p.m., 8:00 and 10:00 p.m. On Sundays at 9:00, 10:30, and 11:00 a.m. 1:00 p.m. and every hour until 6:00 p.m. 8:00 and 10:00 p.m.

WEAVERVILLE

IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE CRAGGY MOUNTAINS

DANCING AT LAKE JUANITA
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS 8:30 TO 11: P.M.

Office and Waiting Room
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THE BIGGEST, BUSIEST, BEST, AND MOST POPULAR PLACE TO
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SMITH'S DRUG STORE
"ON THE SQUARE"

HOSPITAL SUPPLIES, RUBBER GOODS, SPECIAL TRUSS-FITTING
DEPARTMENT. EXPERT IN CHARGE

THE BUSY CORNER

PHONES: PRESCRIPTIONS 116, SUNDRIES 117, YOURS 117

(Continued from Page 10.)

saw, he should put it down on this pad and then go home and study what he had written and write a connected story back to the Benedict Arnold people, giving the results of his observation.

He started out and was getting on all right, having written down, "Grocery cart, drawn by dapple-gray horse, driven by boy with Adam's apple; one policeman, with a boil, talking to nurse-maid, who showed gums when she laughed; one baby (sex not determined); when was standing a grim personage with square-toed boots and a diamond in his necktie. Bruno instantly realized that this personage was an employe of the Department of Justice looking for Bolsheviks. Without a word, but with trembling knees, he followed his captor to an office, where he was arraigned charged with being a Bolshevik.

A man at a desk, with a stenographer hidden behind a screen, frowned at him. This frightened Bruno tremendously.

"Are you a Bolshevik?" said this man.
"No," said Bruno, promptly.

"What is a Bolshevik?" said this man.
"But don't let this happen again."

So Bruno promised that he would not and went home, deciding that after all observation wasn't everything in this life, and that he would begin with the third lesson.

(To be continued.)

Roland—Isn't the floor wonderful?

Chicken—Not particularly; that is my foot you're dancing on.

A New Portrait

Of You Would Please
Them at Home.



Make the Appointment Today

The Pelton Studio
Next to Princess Theatre

(Continued from Page 2.)

has become known in the world outside, and Captain North has had the satisfaction of being invited to discuss it before different scientific societies. Commendation has come, in generous measure, from many sources, inside the Army and out, including the Surgeon General of the Army. In addition to the qualities mentioned above, members of the Reconstruction staff have appreciated particularly his spirit of co-operation with them. His policy has been to outline projects, leaving department heads to work things out in their own way, so long as the proper results were obtained.

Recent doings in Congress make the future of many Army undertakings somewhat uncertain. What will happen to the Reconstruction work; ultimately, we do not know, and probably no one else does, but we feel sure that much of it will continue. It will certainly go on for the present, and in the right way, for Captain North's successor, Captain John J. B. Morgan, who has occupied the same position at the hospital at Camp Pike, Ark., is now in charge. In the next issue we will introduce Captain Morgan more fully.

The boy danced 'round as though on air,
His head was in a whirl.
His eyes and mouth were full of hair,
His arms were full of girl.

He told the maiden of his love,
The color left her cheeks.
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed for several weeks.

**THE OTEEN HOSPITAL
BUYS ALL OF ITS
FISH
FROM
The
Asheville Fish
Company**

What an Endorsement
for QUALITY this is!



MAMMOTH FURNITURE STORE

Whatever is thoroughly Reliable and Desirable in Home Furnishings can always be found at this *STORE*.

All we ask is an opportunity to show you.

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Spring Stocks Are Ready

You are invited to make selections from carefully selected assortments of the best that we can find—that the *shops* can produce.

SHOP FOR MEN ON THE FIRST FLOOR.
WOMEN'S AND MISS' GOODS, SECOND FLOOR.
BOYS' AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT
THIRD FLOOR.

Full Line of Seasonable Sporting Goods Always in Stock

SOME DAY

When the Discharge comes
shall you have a Bank Ac-
count to draw on?

It will be a happier and a bright-
er day for your forethought

CENTRAL BANK & TRUST COMPANY
SOUTH PACK SQUARE

EFFICIENCY PLUS

Our constant effort is to aid you in your Saving.
Ample resources, an efficient management and State supervision combine to
make our policy both responsible and progressive.
Our superior faculties and strong connections are always at your service.

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CENTROSA

100 PER CENT PURE PORTO RICAN CIGAR

5c, 10c, 15c, 2 FOR 25c

We believe the good quality of CENTROSAS will be appreciated by you. They are less injurious, because of their mildness and freedom from combination filler and artificial flavoring. On sale at your Exchange
and all dealers in town.

BARBEE-CLARK CIGAR & TOB. CO.
DISTRIBUTORS

PAGAN WORSHIP

I've never seen a Golden Calf,
She must give gold seal milk;
But what I worship, half and half,
Are two clad in real silk.

"I'd rather be a could be,
If I could not be an are;
For a could be is a may be,
With a chance of reaching par.
I'd rather be a has been,
Than a might have been, by far;
For a might have been has never been,
But a has been was once an are."

A SOLDIER'S TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

The cook is my buddy, I shall not want,
He maketh me lie outside while he sneaks
things to me,
He leadeth me beside the still storeroom,
He quencheth my thirst,
He leadeth me into the kitchen for mine ap-
petite's sake
He restoreth my fat,
Yea, tho' I walk thru the hundreds of cans
of corned willie,
I shall not eat them;
His pies and his steaks they comfort me,
Surely flapjacks and hot biscuits will be
assets of my life,
And I will dwell in the kitchen forever. Ah
oui!

—“The Come Back.”

WEAR RUBBER HEELS

Rubber heels add to the life of your
shoes — keep the continuous jar off
your spine, add to your comfort in
general. Those who walk a great deal
will find rubber heels a real blessing.
Let us attach rubber heels to your
shoes.

CHAMPION SHOE HOSPITAL

6 Government St. L. F. Gooley, Prop.

TWISTS BY OUR CONTEMPORARIES

"When is the State going to help mothers with large families? If the cost of living has increased 100 per cent., then for eight persons the *increase* is 800 per cent."—*London Daily Sketch*.

"Councilor Robinson's son will be married to the eldest daughter of Councilor Richings. The members of the Corporation are invited to the *suspicious* event."—*Aylesbury (Eng.) News*.

"The whole of the ticket money is being expended on making the evening a thorough success. Any surplus will be handed over to the District *Infirmary*."—*Lyne Reporter*.

"It is not difficult to understand the restlessness of American soldiers and sailors condemned to spend a Sunday in a foreign land. . . . You could hardly *expectorate* them to get through the day without a certain contempt for their surroundings."—*London Daily Sketch*.

Said the governor of North Carolina to the governor of South Carolina, "it's a long time 'tween drinks—"

"What about your *extended* evening strolls now, Ham?"

Garcia Grande CIGARS

A mild Havanna for men of discriminating taste, is now on sale at

The Post Exchange

FURNISHED BY

The Rogers Grocery Company

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

DO-DROP-IN

FOR A CLASSY SHINE, SMOKES, DRINKS
REIF'S SPECIAL ON TAP

WE'VE BEEN IN THE SERVICE OURSELVES

OPPOSITE THE LANGREN

\$1.00 DINNER FOR SOLDIERS

AT YE WAYSIDE INN

Weaverville. The Best of Foods and Plenty of Them. Dancing! A Dandy Place to Spend an Afternoon or Evening. Come Out Some Time.

WEAVERVILLE

NORTH CAROLINA

T Room WEAVERVILLE

Specialties: Home-Made Corn Bread, Rolls, Bread, Marshmallow Cake. Have Dinner with us and then go to the Dance Tuesdays and Fridays. Everything cooked under the personal supervision of the Proprietor.

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BRISCOE FOUR

REPUBLIC TRUCKS

USED CARS

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57 BILTMORE AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

The Four Stars Tea Room

ON THE SQUARE

Meals served Daily, except Sunday

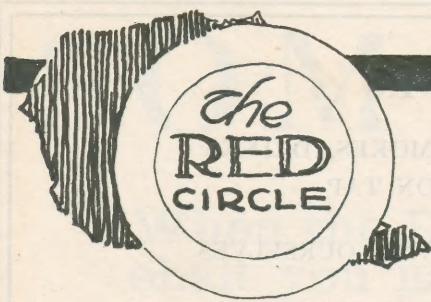
Lunch Hours—12 to 3 p.m.

Afternoon Tea, Club Sandwiches, Etc.—3 to 6:30 p.m.

Dinner or Supper—6:30 to 9:00 p.m.

The Best Home Food at Moderate Prices

SERVICE A LA CARTE



Smith's Jazz Orchestra! You Oteen guys know of it 'cause it comes from out your section of the country. And you know what kind of a contraption it is—a real "jazz band"—there with the bells on and shakin' 'em, too. Well, to get down to our point this orchestra is going to play at the regular Saturday night dance and on Thursday night, too. Just regular dances only when you sit down to catch your breath between the last waltz and the next foxtrot. Some special stunts will be pulled off for your benefit, and for the benefit of the chap who doesn't dance. Remember now and pass the good news on to the next fellow. Smith's Jazz Orchestra every Thursday and Saturday at the Red Circle Service Club, 16 Broadway!

Waiter—Will you have a fifteen-cent cigar, sir?

Guest (at New York hotel)—Yes, if it doesn't cost more than a quarter.

He—What did your father say when you told him that my love for you is like a gushing brook?

She—He said "Dam it."

One of Uncle Sam's students of English, Bienkowski, says he doesn't see how he can light a cigarette, toss heads and tails, have a boxing bout, and buy a piece of goods exactly similar to another, all under the name "match."

Snap into it, take advantage of the numerous diversions on the post. *We won't be here long!*

Who was the Sergeant that was seen giving his "harem" an outing in a big touring car Monday evening? Ask Parker, he knows!



COLORED AMERICANS



It seems that we must always have a John Lee to vamp the ladies of Asheville. The present John Lee can be heard at any time "sounding off" about what a devil he is with the ladies. Of course that stuff don't "go big" with us, but we must admit that he is some vampire because he admits it himself.

★ ★

Our old friend Crumpler left us this week, being discharged by the S. C. D. route. We will all miss his smiling face and his cute baby ways, but the writer of this column will miss him doubly so, as he was always considered fair game for our literary efforts.

★ ★

The members of the "Down and Out Club" are down and out again, and payday is still a long ways off.

Come on Buddies; Here's Your Chance Jobs for All in the Medical Corps

Don't talk about hard times and the difficulty of landing a good position. Uncle Sam, the biggest, fairest and squarest employer in the world, has just the place all waiting for you with the Medical Department of the army.

What if your arm is still stiff from that wound they handed you in Flanders, or your eyesight impaired from that bursting shell in the Argonne and you are disqualified for the dough-boys? Try the Medics—they need brave and courageous men, and the physical requirements are easier.

It is the second highest branch of the service

Think of the Advantages Offered You

In civilian life you deduct food, quarters, clothing and entertainment from your pay. With the Medical Corps you deduct—NOTHING—from your pay. Uncle Sam furnishes all that along with salary. Make a comparison.

The peace-time army differs vastly from the war-time army.

You are certain of your job from day to day.

Don't Worry—Join the Medical Corps and Let Uncle Sam Do It

BY AUTHORITY OF THE SURGEON GENERAL

THE ONLY NATIONAL BANK IN ASHEVILLE

Will be pleased to handle in a courteous and efficient manner all business entrusted to its care. Your Account, large or small, is invited.

AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

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WE are handling a good many of the Soldiers' Accounts, and we will Welcome Your Business.



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E. J. GRISET
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PRIVATE PASSENGER Cars SIGHT-SEEING Cars
SPECIAL RATES TO SOLDIERS

A great number of Soldiers at Oteen and Kenilworth have accounts at this Bank. Indeed, the number is so noticeable that it entitles this Bank to be known as "THE SOLDIERS' BANK."

Savings Accounts pay 4 per cent. interest, compounded quarterly. Open one today and you will have a tidy and handy sum to take home with you when you are discharged.

\$1.00 Opens an Account.

THE BATTERY PARK BANK

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